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teachers for a week. It is believed, however, that familiarity with the scale and the method of the work would greatly reduce the time and make possible the use of a scale for the evaluating of work at the end of each semester. It is not thought wise to use the Hillegas scale but to establish a local scale.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Hebden will publish a full report of the work and that other schools that are experimenting with the scale will publish results so that the real value of the scale may be definitely determined.

W. H. WILCOX

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### A PLEA FOR LOCAL LITERATURE

Charity and geography should begin at home. Should not literature begin there also? Should we not stress that literature which is produced within our own state and which has the state as its setting? In a very large number of cases boys and girls leave the grades and the high school with a distinct feeling that literature belongs to the distant in space and time, not to the here and now; to the unreal, to the past and to the dead, not to the country they know, not to living, not to the present and the future. To overcome this sense of the unreality of the classics, literature with local associations should certainly be stressed beyond what its merits from a national or universal point of view would always warrant. Are not uniform college entrance requirements in danger of being hostile to local spirit and to a method of approach to literature that is both natural and necessary if literature is to grip the student?

A Swiss teacher, who can take his pupils for a trip around Lake Lucerne and have them sing of Tell and freedom and native land on the very spots consecrated by the old story, will not have much difficulty in interesting his pupils in the literature of Tell. Is not a Scotchman more likely to love Shakespeare—if such a thing is possible—because he has first learned to love his own Burns? When your father has pointed out the site of the shop of Basil the Blacksmith while you are riding home with him on a load of hay from Grand Pré, you are not likely to find “Evangeline” altogether in cloudland. Surely a Kansas boy will succumb less readily to the depression of spirit that Parkman’s continuous illness left upon his “Oregon Trail” than will a boy from Ohio. Boston may never have heard—may never hear—of Jimmie Foley or of A. McG. Bede, but the North Dakota boys and girls who have heard Mr. Foley read some of his verses are taking a stride into literature, and the boys who have ridden over the Custer trail will not need much

driving to read the drama that appeared this summer at Bismarck, entitled *Sitting Bull and Custer*.

Undoubtedly the local appeal is now made in many of our courses of study to some extent. Would it not be of value to learn to what extent?

A. E. MINARD

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Editor "*English Journal*":

For the editorial on the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* please accept my thanks, for it expresses my sentiments much better than I could have done myself.

The *Journal* is, as usual, all good—everything in it worth reading—but I must admit that the article in question gave me the most solid satisfaction of anything in this number. The idea that any tiresome person can, by sending one a stamp, create a moral obligation is equaled in stupidity only by the whole conception and the entire performance.

Cordially yours,

ELLEN W. DENNIS

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#### AD SOCIOS

My comrades of the lifted pen  
 That damns or saves,  
 I dare to call you stalwart men,  
 Not drudging slaves.  
 There's that within your heart and brain  
 Of clear and true  
 That, spite of days of drudge and strain,  
 'Tis well with you.  
 On other brows, the gleam of wealth—  
 Perhaps the sin:  
 Young hearts through you to hope and health  
 And life shall win.  
 Your days, though dulled by yesterdays,  
 Thrill to a cause  
 That dares the barb of scornful praise,  
 To tell life's laws.  
 Youth, not unjust, still crowns your brows,  
 And wings your tongue;  
 Your ardent trumpet-mouth can rouse  
 The splendid young.  
 Lead on and on. Be shining Truth  
 Your valorous quest.  
 'Tis nobly good to teach the youth  
 Of this wide West.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT STAPLETON

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